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Thoughts in the Great Northland

And Other Poems

CHARLES
LEO ABBOTT

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THOUGHTS IN THE GREAT NORTHLAND

Thoughts in the Great Northland

And Other Poems

By

Charles Leo Abbott

1924
THE STRATFORD COMPANY, *Publishers*
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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1924

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The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

AUG 1. 1924

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no 1

Dedication

TO

THOSE WHO ARE LOVERS

OF

NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

CHIEFLY

MY BELOVED MOTHER

AND

JUST PLAIN FOLK.

PREFACE

These few memories are written and published with a hope that they may recall in the minds of "just plain folk" some of the supernal beauties of created nature.

In defence of my own taste, let me say that I do not expect many to see Nature's glory as I see it; nor do I think there will be found much in this small volume of any value to the people, or even creditable to myself.

Events, not controllable, have prevented me from seeing with a brighter eye, what otherwise might have been depicted in more than a lonely or melancholy way.

With me, love of Nature has been not a purpose, but a passion, and the passions cannot be moved at will.

C. L. A.

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SEMPER EGO AUDITOR TANTUM ERO,

NUNQUAMNE REPONAM

SATIRES OF JUVENAL AND PERSIUS.

If you can add a little say why not:

As well as William Pitt and Walter Scott.

"Byron"

Had I not written the verses you care nothing
about,
The verses that really delight you had ne'er been
thought out.

—*Ruckert*

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known,
The pangs of a poetic birth,
By labours of their own.

—*Cowper*

TO KITCHENER

Worthy art thou, whom God raised up to see
A Nation's need, in days of perils true,
Who won the hearts of other nations too,
With Israel's leader to comparèd be;
As Moses won the hearts of Israel's Sons,
Leading them forth across the ocean deep,
And heard'st a voice ring out to forward go
So thou, Kitchener, did'st likewise win and lead,
And heardst the voice from out the boundless space,
Proceed.

Midst countless murmurings thou both did'st move,
As days and months of preparation passed,
By silent thought and sacrifice did'st prove,
God was thy guide where'er thy lot was cast,
When thou did'st gaze far out with broader view,
On yonder valley's shade, with thine own eyes,
From Pisgah's top a glimpse thou had'st and true
Of vaster issues known to "Thee So Wise."
And then God took thee, where there are no
Broken ties;

Thy sepulchre no one doth know but God,
To-day, as Israel then, we mourn thy loss;
The one we think lies somewhere 'neath the sod,
The other one the Ocean tides doth toss,
The one in Moab's valley hath his grave,
His work complete so many years ago,
The other one amid the rock and wave,
His work still lives, but oh we miss him so,
And mourn and weep and sigh in memory of the brave.

THE NORTH LAKES

Fringed around by birch and pine,
  Lakes of the great Northlands,
Gazing alone thy beauty's mine.
  Walking upon thy strands.

Thy rocky banks whose waves of stone,
  Roll onward to thy feet,
Are but a crown in which alone,
  Thou art the Jewels meet.

Mirrored within thy waves at morn,
  Lakes of the great Northlands,
What beauteous pictures thou dost form,
  Background of shining sands.

Sometimes above thy sparkling waves,
  A kingly head doth move,
A crownèd monarch free, that braves,
  Thy bosom for his love.

Thine are the jewels that I crave,
  Lakes of the great Northlands,
Thine are the pictures that I save,
  'Mid time's slow drifting sands.

TO HOLYROOD, OAKVILLE

Passing through the stately entrance,
With its ancient cannon balls,
Set upon the moss grown pillars,
Of time's unswept granite walls.

There the towering pines bow gently,
Whispering welcome lonely one,
There about the shadowed pathway,
Like a sigh a voice speaks on.

Wandering forward at its bidding,
By a winding narrow road,
Through the spreading chestnuts rising,
Stands the stately Holyrood.

Holyrood in covered creepers,
From the old Virginian clime,
With its ancient clinging memories,
Footprints in the Sands of Time.

TO GENERAL MAUDE

Once more our thoughts dwell on the name
Of one whom God sent forth to fame;
Amid the domes of Allah's throne
Was there ever a genius shone
Like our great hero of Bagdad,
Or death so gloriously sad?

Once more the heavy, heavy toll
Hath called a second Kitchener's soul
But though his presence once so bright
Hath passed forever from our sight
We will not weep but rather find
Strength to endure; freedom of mind;

Out where the golden floods still drift
Out where the Persian Winds do sift
Dust of a thousand untrod miles
Hath borne him hence from desert trials,
Out where the drops of life will be
In the Ocean depths of Eternity;

BACK TO THE BEGINNING

Winter into the past must go,
With its biting frost and swirling snow,
Into the sepulchre of time,
Back to the south and north's decline;

Back 'neath yon ivy mantled tower,
Into the sepulchre's shrouded bower,
Down with the flood of human clay,
With cold snowy brow and lips of grey.

Back from the vale 'neath yonder peak,
Where the glacier sleeps with whitened feet,
Back from the vale of joy or tears,
To a golden glow where Heaven appears;

Up the slope of yon mountain crests,
Back where King Winter resides and rests,
Where 'neath the tower of Zion's Seer,
The frosts of destiny disappear.

THE HONOURED DEAD

We more than trust, we more than hope,
  We pray, the souls' sincere desire,
That resting on Mount Zion's slope,
  They thus, may rest, nor cease nor tire,
To swell the strain the angels sing,
  While on their graves may lilies spring,
And perfectly within the wreath,
  Twine thistle, shamrock, rose and heath;
And pray the angel gathering sheaves,
  Ne'er to forget the maple leaves.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

On the Appian way would I be
  Where musing 'neath the stars
I might lie beneath some spreading tree
  Or in sacred grove to Mars.

Mayhap I'd dream of some new race
  Up-rising in the wood
A sacred race born in this place
  And fed on spiritual food.

To make an age to this unlike
  A sweeping magical change
With no shadow or shine of night
  For this Race a wider range.

A sudden light in the world
  Like the blush of a rose in the mist
O for this dawn unfurled
  This is the wish I wished.

CANADA

O this is the land,
Of the cedar and pine,
O, this is the place,
Of the peach and the vine;
Where May flowers blossom,
In bright beams that shine,
With a soft holy light,
In this beautiful clime.

Where scent laden breezes,
Oppressed with perfume,
Waft gently among the
Pine, cedar and bloom;
Where the oriole's notes,
And the bobolink's song,
Floats sweetly from oaks,
Or the grasses among.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

Where the lakes of the north
Are jewelled at Eve,
By the shadows there cast,
As the sun takes his leave;
Where the long trek of steel
Links the East with the West,
From old Scotia's wild coast,
To Pacific's unrest,

Where Ontario's lakes,
Form our great inland seas,
And our flag waves unfurled,
In Superior's breeze;
Where the blest thousand isles,
Are a paradise meet,
For the gods of old Rome,
Or the Greek Muse's Seat.

Where her nature is wild,
As the waves of the sea,
And her sons are true, staunch,
In faith; steady and free;
'Tis the land of the West,
'Tis the land of the North,
And her future we'll make,
And then body it forth.

THE CALL

Canada, in song and story
Thou hast writ thy deeds of glory;
They proclaimed from sea to sea
Shall forever be.

From the mountains old and snow-capped
To the rocky coastlines, low capped,
Sound the young Dominion's praise,
High her banners raise.

Yet again the still small voice cries,
"What dost thou here? Up, arise,"
Canada, in bright sweet beauty,
Rise to your duty.

ONTARIO'S HIGHLAND VOICES

I stood beside a streamlet once that murmured o'er
the vale,
Which made the reeds and grasses nod that bordered
on the trail
And as the sun came o'er the rim and chased away the
veil
Ontario's Highland Voices spake in calm majestic
living hail.

The racing rays of fiery light, just pushed away the
rim
And chased across my prospect drear, with morning
battle hymn
So thus inspired came Virgin thought and wooed me
with a vim
Came a note of vastitude, of silences, impressing grim.

Untraveled paths, suggestive depths and music
wrought from strings
Unseen, came tinkling clear and pure, on unresponsive
wings

My soul took up the deeper notes, a full communion brings
Amid these vastitudes, and flowers, and voices of a thousand things.

And nestling down, 'mid tangled vines a rippling throated bird
Trilled out his song, so sweet and long, that I would fain have heard
The summons and the trumpet sound foretold of by the Word.
And rested thus by stream and thrush beneath the tree of life preferred.

The vision that at midnight clear was seen behind the known,
Came not with noonday's searching light that filled the Valley's zone,
Nor yet as sunset's evening star, climbed up majestic, lone,
But when the spring time stole upon the wintry fields and seed was sown.

THE STAR OF GOLD

Bathed in softening rays behold,
  Borrowed from the golden glow,
Sink yon evening star of gold
  While the gentle zephyrs blow.

Golden sands are running out,
  Falling down upon the sun,
And the colours slowly fade,
  Fainter yet do they become.

Now the star with silver sway,
  Reigns awhile as King of all,
Like the golden hair to grey,
  Brighter 'mid the encircling pall,

Tossed by yonder Huron's wave,
  Star of silver, star of gold,
Silvering all thy watery grave,
  Thou dost slip within its fold.

GETHSEMANE

East of Kedron's shadowed valley,
  At a point where two paths meet,
Leading o'er the Mount of Olives
  Lies Gethsemane's sad seat,

O'er the rocky vale of Kedron
  At the full of Paschal Moon,
The peaks threw a cross of shadows,
  Presaging the Master's gloom.

There were rocks, caverns and grottoes,
  Where a fugitive might flee,
With a garden house and towers
  But he chose the awful tree.

DREAMLAND

Intensely living in her dream,
He only on its outer fringe,
Like golden glowing sunshine's gleam,
Upon some mountain peak doth tinge,
The hazy hoary snow clad crown,
Touched but a sleeping hazy part,
The outer stillness of her heart.

Within this dreamland's pulsing hush,
Hidden in Amethystine Mist,
From which but jewelled memories flush
Enshrined there dwells most exquisite
Sweet pleasures for her Paradise,
Blent Nature's music, dewy spice,
Her kiss cast lips of Adonis.

TO BLUNDERBUSS

Unfeeling for the prey,
Unsparing day by day,
Forgiving naught for aye,
Forgetting ne'er to pay.

Relentlessly for years,
At least it so appears,
Primed well thou had'st no fears,
O how thy bullet tears.

Ho! Blunderbuss hast thou,
A mind to listen how,
Thy bullet and thy powder
Thinned thy barrel so?

Thy master made the lead,
While thou did'st rest 'tis said,
And thou wast with it fed,
Then thou the bullet sped.

To follow in the chase,
This thing or that to face
But now methinks thy place,
The old shelf is to grace.

TO ELEANOR

O lily sweet and fair,
Just peeping at the world,
Go, teach her now to care,

Tell her 'mid leafy bowers,
By thy bright sunny smile,
The sun dial tells the hours.

Tell her the precious stone,
Lies deep within the rock,
And I am all alone.

Go, sweet white flower and plead,
And with thy father's eyes,
Her heart toward him lead.

Then come dear Eleanor,
O, lily sweet and fair,
And leave me nevermore.

TO HATE

O, thorn beneath the purple rose,
O briar amid the hedgerows,
O serpent warmed within the breast,
O soul that knowest not to rest.

O garden seeming wondrous fair,
Thou shalt be filled with many a tare,
Cast back upon the promised gain,
On reaping day all unripe grain.

O scheming mind what subtle thought,
What mocking pathos dost thou ape,
Beware; The sands are running short,
God sees thy heart, can'st thou escape?

What footprints in the sands of time,
Thou hast by hatred left behind,
Returning memories in decline,
Shall float and haunt your hateful mind.

TO WINTER

When days are short, a smaller arch,
The wintry sun describes,
And evergreens except the larch,
A sweet perfume subscribes
While o'er the fields the sifting snow,
Like dust between the stubble,
Goes whirling, eddying, planing, so,
To the tune of springs that bubble.

O wintry wind thou art awry,
To hide the wayside flower,
And chase the little birds away,
From out their leafy bower,
But never so unkind I know
As she whose heart indeed,
Is frozen up with winter so,
She lives to make mine bleed.

QUESTIONS

As the swans and geese went sailing high,
I asked of the Northland winds that sigh,
O'er rock and lake and marsh and sky
"Tell me O Wind, if I shall die?"

And the soft wind murmuring made reply
Like the zephyr tones in the pines on high
"List to the still small voice within
"Though thy soul be shrouded in flesh and sin.
"And it will vibrate and make reply
"No, I am sure I will never die."

FIRESWEPT FORESTS

Straight and tall before me stand
Serried ranks above the strand;
Larch and poplar, spruce and pine
Mute or whispering entwine;
Limbs that tremble as they toss
Weaving from their veils of moss,
Mirroring in gleam of stream,
Mystic things of which we dream,
'Neath my feet; oh, how they leave
Thoughts that come and oft bereave
Those whose aspirations die
Like these trees against the sky,
Just a fireswept whispering dross
As these trees encased in moss.

THOUGHTS

Oft I have stood in the starlight dim
Feeling the dews drop down,
The silent trees in the vale below
Beneath the mountain's frown
Took on strange shapes and visions rose,
To meet my thoughts and join
To helping sift the somethings hid
Like the acid test of the coin.

I couldn't be sure that their silent lure,
So calm, majestic, lone,
Impelled my steps to seek their depths
And wander there alone.
But I felt their calm go over me
And it stilled my throbbing breast,
While the laughing note of the loon afloat
Gave me courage to stand the test.

I came at last to the waters vast
And I saw in the placid lake
A vision of my beloved there
As I bent my thirst to slake

And I paused as her bosom seemed to rise
  Amid the lilies white
And turned my truant footsteps back,
  Home again, home to the height.

A WARNING

Is it just a league of nations
  Just a name and nothing more; —
Shall we never heed the warning
  Shall we never heal the sore,
Sapping, sapping, at the life's blood
  Of the European core?

Have we heard the warning ringing
  Like the trumpet sounds of yore,
Have we seen the hundreds coming
  From the yellow races' shore?

Have we paused as Christian peoples
  Visioning the hundred score,
Mingling, mingling then returning
  To the land of open door?

Have ye seen them, Christian Nations,
  Breaking like the dawn to pour
Floods of new interpretations
  On their ancient books of lore?

Thoughts in the Great Northland

Is it just a league of Nations
Just a name and nothing more?
Surely we shall heed the warning
"Going Forward;" as of yore,
Through the desert lands to Canaan,
With the glowing cross before.

DEATH

E'en now they pass, and go away
Along the bordered way we say,
Among the flowered paths we think
And breathe the incensed breeze, they may,
And as they slowly, slowly sink.
Comes ne'er a word from o'er the brink.

THE VOICES

Like the sigh of the gentle breezes
  Wafting a breath from afar
Stealing across the vision
  From the rim of the furthest star,

Comes a murmur of Spirit voices
  That only the soul may hear,
When in tune with the Lord of Creation
  And a sense of the ether sphere; —

They come from the furthest limits
  Where the Isles of Sapphire gleam;
They come from the soldier spirits
  Who've wakened from life's dream;

And over that glistening ocean
  The sapphires and emeralds burn
Through the ether that veils our vision
  And we find them all in turn.

For it's only a beautiful voyage
  Across the ether line,
That our soldier boys have travelled
  To the land of palm and pine.

And it may be the same rich voice
  Or it may be a sigh or a sign,
Perhaps a place at his table
  Or a walk on the sands of time;

No matter since we shall know them
  And love them, and roam as of yore,
And walk o'er the flowery meadows
  And talk of the spirit lore.

And gather the sparkling jewels
  For the crowns of our soldier boys,
As we sit on the shores of knowledge,
  With our loves, and our crowns, and our joys.

THOUGHTS

Only the wild waves lap the shore
And what I was I am no more
Only the bald lone rock for me
Facing the reddening down at sea
Where the waves of life roll near the shoal
And false winds drift me from its goal
Always the lowering grey mists raise
Leaving the memories of other days:

Only the shimmering mist blue haze,
Only the veil that thinly lays
Over the paths of Paradise,
Over the flowers of dewy spice,
Like tears that blur these eyes of blue,
Is hiding our gaze from the broader view.

TO B.

That thou didst vie with nature's face
Supernal in the burst of spring
  And I in love with both,
The reason is that now I cling
  To memories of our troth:

That thou didst heed a selfish mind
With mocking pathos aped in tears
  And thou in touch with these,
The hopes of love adown the years,
  Are as yon leafless trees.

That thou art blind with holden eyes,
Along life's winding dusty trail,
  With heart all burning still,
The reason is the rending veil
  Has yet your life to fill.

That thou wilt see, I trust, within
The gallery of thy wounded heart,
  She loves thy child not thee;
For where the heart is whole and part,
  The priceless treasures be.

That thou a part of my lone soul,
Hast still, I own, ne'er will conceal,
And waiting still am I
This night of fate doth but reveal,
The beauties of the sky.

THE LAST HEROES

Like the surging waves of a storm that's past,
Came the dying echoes blast on blast,
And the distant booms tolled out and rolled
Like the distant bleats in a peaceful fold,
When the message flashed from o'er the Rhine.

And a long lone hush went down the line.
And we prayed for the last of friend or foe
As we felt the calm drop down and flow
O'er fields of life and death and woes.
We prayed, for the last and lone heroes.

We gathered the fallen leaves so cold,
Leaves in the green and orange and gold,
Till we found the last of the rich red mould;
And as we laid them down to rest,
We thought of the mothers' souls oppressed.

Too late by the breath in the raging night
Came the aerial waves on their peaceful flight
So the valley of shadow was filled with light.
As the last lone booming echo tolled
The knell of the last lone heroes bold.

SPIRIT OF NATURE

Spirit of Nature, dost thou know
What thoughts, what aspirations flow
Around thy glowing altar's fire,
Before Death's Angel led them higher,—
Twixt souls that linger on thy breast
Ere crosses mark their shrine of rest?

Spirit of Nature, what is this
That marks thy sacred reign of bliss?
Is't some vast phantom spirit host
With greater power; and hast thou lost
The mellowed sweetness of thy face
To some vastly superior race?

Dost thou not see the sands of Life
Are drifting on the homeward shoal?
And dost thou feel yon bitter strife
That crimsons many a poppied knoll?
And canst thou breathe an incensed prayer
For those so calm, majestic, fair?

Then from somewhere among the crosses down the vale, they heard the answer:

The Answer

Yea, I have heard and sobbed, "How sad!"
Yea, I have known what thoughts they had;
And if you'll wander down the stream
Where roses bloom and lilies gleam,
Go through the woods and perfumed glens
And wander o'er the moors and fens;
In all the beauty thou dost find,
In all the sweetness on the wind;
Through all the myriad whisperings thrown
About the tangled spaces blown,
You'll see and taste, and hear me tell
Of all the boys you loved so well;
For nothing's lost, and in the spring
You'll hear all nature whispering.

Yea, I have seen where violets grew
Between the grasses running through
My loveliest face all marred and rent,
My flowery bosom shorn and spent.
But I will come again and bloom
Amid the crosses and the gloom.
I have not lost my power to strew
The graves with violets running through.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

Yea I have seen the waves roll high,
Have felt its crimsoned weight so nigh;
And from some group of violets there
Have cast my sweetest incensed prayer
Across the vast expanse of blue,
A breath for every son so true.

WHOM DO YOU KNOW?

Time with its gilding powers
Will place us; if merit upheld, should seek
To gather bright golden hours
And bank them; be humble and meek.
But ever the world in its fastness
Shall reap, and again shall it sow,
Tares upon tares midst its vastness,
Ask of you, "Whom do you know?"

Apisthographi jumbled, and typed
In Senate and pulpit and hall,
By many an interesting biped
Is shuffled and read at the call.
And a satisfied throng with its clatter
Of hands and feet and a show,
File out at the close of the matter,
And ask again, "Whom do you know?"

Of these we aspiring poor mortals
Must seek our appointment and place,
And enter within their deep portals
With fear and deportment of Grace.

And we pour out our story and soul
Our hopes, and our fitness, and oh, jesting
From over the desk comes the dole questing,
Ahem and a—"Whom do you know?"

SOMEWHERE

A name out there in France
Where mad horses scream and prance
A place in the thought
A scene to be bought
The trail with a lure
Where Eternity's gate stands ajar next door.

The mysterious dream with a spell
That holds the world in its hell
A message in time
From a distant clime
At the gates of toll
A gleam beyond the reaches of the soul.

A veil that shrouds the known
From imagination's throne
A world's real nightmare
On earth and in air
Individual
A fevered oasis of pain and pall.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

A grey glittering sea
Where the waves roll horribly
A bosom white tossed
Stern destinies frost
Calm, majestic, lone
All else around, above, a thunderous, moan.

A blizzard spouting death
Fond memory's moaning breath
A burdened sigh in flight
Night of ages sight;
Dawn, a grave, out there,
And peace, sometime, someday, somewhen, somewhere.

ITALIA'S GLACIER

Mantling immensity it towers sublime,
Snow's fair eternal palace built by time,
Whose pages of a thousand years compiled.
A book deep bound, a library of the sky,
Whose every leaf that falls doth firmly bind
The clay, the blood of noble sons who find
The long lone sleep till advent trumpet peals
When He that worthy is, shall loose the seals.

GALLIPOLI

While the double gifted council
Slowly wise and meanly just
To our buried heroes' merit
Vote to raise a tardy bust,
Yet the wrongs to sad Australia
Slowly wise mean just ones laid
At our lovèd Kitchener's table
Gone our heroes' sacred shade.

Not the first nor last great nation
To imagine posthumous
Homage, rightly compensation
For the life he gave for us.
Oh the rocky, rocky seashores
Rising round the Golden Horn
Oh the gallant hundred thousand
Passed to greet the golden morn.

OVER THERE

What dusky creepings fold about,
The entrenchèd host,
Sitting in darkness, where the shadows cast
Dim shapes of death,
Faithful and true avengers of
The Wrath Divine,
Upon yon bitter watchful foe, still drunk
But not with wine,
Whose bloody footprints in the rich
Red mould of France,
Have left an aching void, a shell-torn
Vast expanse;
These hear no Gospel sound, for it
Is ill to know,
What vaster issues flow, beyond
Law's earthly bound;

O ye dim distant spires, ye crumbling
Naves and walls,
O'er garlanded anew, with
Clinging ivy through,
Mutely thou stand'st to show,
The ravage of the foe.

HINDRANCES

Sometimes a vision may early gild
The call to the harvest shower,
But the glory be marred by those in power
And the wells of our progress be filled.

And still 'mid the weary and travel stained,
Who are wending the trail of life,
Out where the power of envy is not chained,
We must drink of the waters of strife.

For the herdmen of Gerar are still in the vale
And the fruits of our labour seem lost,
But the labour of love! What matter the cost?
If the fountain of Esek ne'er fail.

Let us move down the trail to humility's vale
For the waters of Sitna to strive,
If we fight to do well, we must prevail
At the well of Rehoboth arrive.

Rehoboth, Rehoboth, the Lord hath made room
Is the song we shall hear on the road,
When the Spirit of Envy is wound off the loom,
And the Testament changes the load.

WAR'S REVELATION

Silent mysteries floating skyward,
Truth revealed for us to know,
In the night of time a byword
To the races high and low,

Known to Angels them unfurlèd
In the morning of the world,
Thus they came and now they cross
As a cycle of Saros.

Now in silence inward groaning,
We suppress, then kneel to pray,
Tears that start within the gloaming
At the close of each sad day,

Souls are these that feel a stealing
Like to that within the bones,
For the Nation's wondrous healing
Leaves are falling round the thrones.

Light and darkness long duration,
Ormuzd and Ahriman,
'Twixt the double federation,
For the prize the soul of man.

Revelation, Revelation,
Lightens darker paths than these
Which beset each sinful nation
Brings the world upon her knees.

THE NAMELESS THING

Was't some sweet woman fringed thy life's long way
A thousand untrod miles to searching light of day?
An age old silence, unresponsive role
That lost thee in the mazes of the world's own soul?
Was't rousing music, food of love, that played,
Some long lost chord, and thus thy love betrayed?
Didst love leave winter stranded in thy breast,
Or was't some word of ill content let fall in jest?

Was't love unanswered made the well of life
A bitter spring; a stone in some sweet fruit the strife?
That caused thy bosom thus to heave up tears,
Like springs that gush from nature's pulsing mountain tiers?
Was't thoughts beyond the reaches of thy soul,
Which came from out the void, that made thee pay such toll?
Or was't the actions of the seeming just,
Which smelled so sweet, yet cast thine honor in the dust?

A WISH

Drop a line on the waves of time,
And a thought on the winds for me;
In the ether a wish sublime
For I'm lone on life's stormy sea.

HEAVEN

Where the crumbs of life from the Paradise tree
For the maze of glorified souls so free,
In the shimmering waves of eternity,
Will be good enough for me.

EVENTIDE WITH MOTHER

In the gloaming, mind a roaming,
Just at twilight, cold and drear,
Fell across the dark'ning landscape,
Nature's veiling, calm and clear.

Leaving only in the stillness,
Just a presence one could feel,
And the world resigned to even,
Closed the day; and set, the seal.

In the rays of flickering firelight,
Where the shadows deepest are,
I can see a face that hovers,
See it smiling from afar.

And the firelight lends a colour,
And I see the glowing cheeks,
Like the roseate hues of morning,
Tinting yon far distant peaks.

Ever near within the circle,
Where the waves of dancing light,
Cast about the opened doorway,
Stands the altar of the night.

And there floats another altar,
Where one stood so long ago,
Sweetly murmuring, gently whisp'ring,
In love's firelight, face aglow.

Though the days may be for better,
Though the times may bring us wealth,
Still again though worse and poorer,
Or in sickness, or in health;

I will love thee, I will cherish,
I will hold thee, and obey,
And my troth I give, that nothing,
Shall us part, but death's dark day.

And the altar shone a moment,
In the dying firelight's glow,
And beside the other altar,
Knelt a mother, bowed and low.

Then she rose and to me whispered,
"One by one the ropes may break,
"But love's anchor, holds forever,
"Mother's love can nothing shake."

CHRISTMAS 1916

Minist'ring spirits from heaven's fair land,
Their duties still fulfill,
And watching o'er the sea and strand,
Proclaim His Sovereign will.

And when the year is growing old,
In beauty well arrayed,
Are joined by thronging hosts and bold,
Whose song shall never fade.

Their leader Joy some throng around,
And sing of joy and love,
Good will to men on earth be found,
As in the Courts above.

But why around Death's angel fly,
With faces veiled in mist,
A numerous throng with sigh on sigh,
As though they death had kissed?

So joy's sweet host did haste to ask,
And quickly round them throng,
As sorrow's host came from their task,
The weeping souls among.

And having poised themselves in place,
In consultation wise,
Up from their midst a little space,
Did Sorrow haste to rise.

Who to their anxious questioning,
A tale of wondrous woe,
Unfolded to their listening,
Of strivings foe with foe.

Of broken hearts and faces pale,
Of mother's hair once burnished gold,
Now snowy white; of fathers frail,
Once hail and strong, now worn and old.

Here sorrow moved their counsel end,
So all the angel host did on
Their way through Paradise to wend,
These newer souls to look upon.

And as they gained its topmost height,
From its paths an incense drifted,
And music blent with dewy spice,
Their sorrowing souls uplifted.

For clear above those lovely chords,
They heard the answer ringing,
"They rest in peace which heaven affords,
"As leaves they fall from the tree of life,
"To heal the nations in their strife"
The angel of Light was singing.

APRIL

The turn of the icy tide,
And the lord of winter died.
The cold green glittering caverns
Are melting in the north
The door of Nature's open now
To welcome springtime forth.

Comes the warm and welcome wind,
Rushing south balm to unbind
Mighty rivers, little streams
Wakening from icy dreams,
Over vale and hill and lake
Stirring buds, and bulbs and brake.

Whirling through the balmy air,
Changing green the bleak and bare,
And the cows at barnyard gate
Impatient, interrogate.
They would be in pastures green
Where the creek winds sweet and clean.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

In the woods the song bird trills,
Wild ducks splash in sunny rills,
And the scurrying little chipmunk,
Scampers up a broken tree trunk,
While the squirrel chatters long,
Peeping from the firs among.

All things give a springtime greeting.
Songs and breezes, flowers, bouquets,
In remembrance of our meeting,
As we journey on life's ways.
And the sunshine and the gladness
Making all things sweet and clean,
Banishes our care and sadness,
Spring has come for Seventeen.

PEACE

Upon the Western front within,
The precincts of the Rhine,
A solemn hush replaced the din,
Where blood had flowed like wine.

The puffs of smoke cloud floated off,
Across the shattered woods,
Ten thousand guns had ceased to cough,
The river ran in floods.

Adown the forest wreck was shed,
Alike on khaki, grey,
E'en out among the silent dead,
The russet golden day.

But when the hour of midnight came,
And moon rose pale and wan,
Without the peaceful camp fires' flame,
There rolled a soothing strain.

Piercing, sweet to living, dying,
Rose a chant upon the night,
Echoes, echoes, sighing, sighing,
"Home sweet Home" and fireside bright.

THE TRUE FISHERMAN FISHES

Not alone for the fish that rise,
And the splash and the tug on the line,
Nor I'm sure for the lies and flies,
But just for a smell o' the pine.

Not alone for the flowers that bloom,
On the bush or the banks of the stream,
Nor I wean for the lilies' gleam,
But just for to scatter the gloom.

Not alone for the songs of the birds,
And the music of swift rushing streams,
Nor it seems for the noon day beams
But just for to see knee deep herds.

Not alone for the bird that says,
You won't catch a fish there, I'm certain,
Nor to laze in a dreamy haze,
But just to lift friendship's curtain.

Not alone for the grasses blown,
By the gentle cool zephyrs in waves,
Nor the caves where the water laves,
But just for the love o' the lone.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

Not alone for moss covered stone,
And the creepers that hang o'er the brink,
Nor I think to find nature's link,
But just for to feel God's your own.

A DYING SOLDIER'S DREAM

A soldier's soul went seeking love.
Where Satan's host was found,
In a land where time and tide were not,
And the sands of life were bound;
But he found it not where life ne'er knew,
The ebb of the tide or death's cold dew,
For there a hate in bosoms dwelt,
Who knew not love, nor conscience felt.

This lonely soul from the land of hate,
Came forth to the earth's cool shade,
And by a murmuring streamlet sate,
As it sang 'mid leafy glade,
And he touched the pulse of the love that lives,
And the chords of her harp did sound,
When he worshipped God for the flowers he gives,
And for peace in the shade he found.

Then he gazed far out with broader view,
From nature's flowers of every hue,
To the golden glow of an eve in Spring
And a presence felt around him cling,

As a golden harp seemed stretched on high,
From yonder mount beyond the sky,
And gently o'er its strings did move,
A hand that touched the chords of love.

A river pure of water of life,
Flowed out from that mountain throne,
And on its wave it bore a chord,
From heaven's own harp touched by our Lord
The music down in softness rolled,
As upward through the streets of gold,
A passing soul went at His call,
And gently from the Tree of Life,

To heal the nations in their strife,
Another leaf was seen to fall.

TO MY FRIENDS

Just a little friendly greeting,
Nature's lovely, sweet, bouquet,
In remembrance of our meeting,
As we journeyed on life's way.

Just a few of memory's fleeting
Pictures shrined within the soul,
Trusting they may banish greeting,
Ere the breaking of the bowl.

A MOUNTAIN SPRING

Where the rocks in grandeur speak,
Nature's guttus* forth doth leak,
Drop by drop into the creek;
Where the mosses cling,
The sword ferns spring,
And the echoes ring.

Where the clinging lichens grow,
And the golden stone crops glow,
Through the aged years and slow;
Rocky tablets old,
The creepers fold,
Written message bold.

Where the Sinus† hanging o'er
Bosom of the waterfall,
Bathes in the shining skein;
And the basin steep,
With whitened feet,
Where the limestones sleep.

---

* Guttus, a cruse.
† Sinus, part of the toga or dress

Where the shades are brown and green,
Still untouched by Winters' spleen,
Distant springtime there doth seem;
Native beauty there,
The arts doth spare,
Aquinam spot fair.

TO B.

How short was my dream
Of the fairest dear maid,
She was only a gleam,
For her beauty must fade;

Though Nature be wild
As the waves of the sea
Her beauty is glory
Is fadeless and free,
For e'er in the springtime
She bursts forth anew,
But thou of my dreamland,
Your glories are blew;

O fair sunny Nature
How fragrant and whole,
Thy fadeless dear memories
That fall on the soul.

A PRAYER TO NATURE

Gold, gold, gold, falling in dust at eve,
Why do thy fading shades, a dreary darkness leave,
Stay O, stay, that we may gather powers,
To tide us o'er the night and meet the darker hours.

Break, break, break, O rosy fingered dawn,
Disperse night's dewy webs and usher in the morn,
One by one the heartaches of the years,
Evaporate, dissolve in space, dispel our fears.

Mist, mist, mist, O, lift thy morning shroud,
That underneath thy scented breath and lifting cloud,
Ray by ray, may reddening softness creep,
With ever changing radiance; 'long life's grassy sweep.

Time, time, time, give back the golden glow,
Before life's eventide, descends to lay us low,
Tide O, Tide, reveal some Kubla Khan,
Where we may rest awhile, then live again and plan.

A PRESENCE

To Capt. C. M. Carbert, M. C. R. F. C.
Campbellville, Ont.

As some spring wind about the street,
Brings Paradisial odours sweet,
From flowers that in the woodlands rear
Their fragrant heads and petals clear,
So we e'er feel his presence near,
As mellowed sweetness calm yet fleet,
Within the pathway of the tear.

His footfall 'long the narrow path,
That leads across the cottage lawn,
Will ne'er as other days it hath,
Cross o'er the threshold of our home,
It treads so softly in the distant land,
And yet it lingers, lingers, close at hand,
As some sweet perfume clings about the room.

SPRINGTIME

Springtime is stealthily, stealthily, creeping
Into the palace of winter is seeping,
Soft are the winds and winter is fleeting
Upon the steep slopes of the mountains retreating.

CAMPBELLVILLE FALLS

Ancients talked of Aganippe,
Sacred to the numerous muses,
Pulsing 'neath Mount Helicon,
And another Mississippi,
For his inspiration chooses,
Aganippe, Helikon†.

But of all the fountains bursting,
I have seen from mounts pulsating,
Falls of Campbellville are best,
None who to these falls come thirsting,
When the hermit thrush is mating,
But may feel by muses blest;

There I seemed to feel the ichor*,
Flow with vigor through my veins,
Thought I saw creation change,
Power seemed given me to cipher,
Why Creation is bound in chains,
From the vale to mountain range;

† Helikon, Greek for as old as, or as big as.
* Ichor, the ethereal juice that flowed in the veins of the Gods, not blood.

There I saw adown a mountain,
Like the blood in wars of old,
Fall the wine the muses drink,
Foaming from a crystal fountain,
Splashing 'mid rocks of unwrought gold,
Sparkling, flowing to the brink;

Hollowed out of solid marble,
Dropping headlong in the basin,
Of a huge cavernous hole,
There the sacred birds did warble,
There I saw the muses hasten,
Pledge and drink the flowing bowl.
Pledge the warring nations' peace,
In the not dim distant mists.

TO T. D. J. F.

O friendly fisherman and bard,
How oft we trod o'er mossy sward,
Beside the little springs and streams,
Meandering where lily gleams,
Mingle beaver meadows' browns,
With a golden glow of crowns.

Can we forget those sunny spots,
The water rose that sweetly dots,
The rivers' weedy, reedy, bank,
Where the sphagnum's deep and dank;
Or the lusty trout that rise,
In the pool, to silvery flies?

LIFE

Life is not a round of laughter,
  Seeking pleasures evermore,
Life is reaching out and after,
  That which lies on the golden shore,

Life is an eternal Eden,
  Where perfected souls are flown,
Not an earthly, worldly Eden,
  Where in hatred tares are sown.

Life is giving up more pleasure,
  More of Christ and less of strife,
Letting go our earthly treasure,
  Drinking deep from the well of life.

A HYMN

Come to me Breath of God Most High
In the soft whisp'ring winds that sigh
Mid flow'rs that in the woodlands rear
Their fragrant heads and petals clear.

That from Thy Paradisial flow'rs
Some drops of fragrant dewy spice
May, falling from sweet incensed bow'rs
Prepare my soul for Paradise.

Come not in that swift rush which brings
An empty place 'mid worldly things
But coming, hover o'er my soul
When false trails lure me from life's goal.

Come Thou with richest blessings near
When most I need Thy presence here
Come gently, softly, Holy Dove
When false winds drift me from Thy Love.

"I SAW"

I saw a lovely table smooth,
It was an up to date,
Within a lovely mansion by,
The road that leads to fate,
And saw in beauty well arrayed,
A tree beside the moat,
A perfect specimen it seemed,
Decked out in greenest coat.

I saw a perfect spreading oak,
Outside a cottage door,
I knew a crippled lady dwelt,
Within that hamlet poor,
This perfect spreading oak had long,
Been spared among the rest,
This little lady long had prayed,
She was beloved and blest.

"I CONSIDERED"

This lovely table was veneer,
And rough beneath its part,
This oak that shone so bright and green
Was rotten at the heart.
This table polished bright and clear,
It was the latest fad,
This tree that shone so bright and green,
Was but with ivy clad.

I RECEIVED INSTRUCTION

Our lives are lived the latest way,
And polished smooth our tongue,
Our morals rotten at the core,
God's praise is lesser sung;
But some there are, a remnant left,
Who like this spreading oak,
With hearts of oak are rough without,
And mainly just plain folk.

LITTLE VALES

Each little vale a sweet perfume distills,
From pine and cedar, balsam, wayside flowers,
Beside the shady rills, so sweetly trills,
Each little bird amid the leafy bow'rs,

Each little vale a perfume all its own,
Distills in dewy drops that fall so still,
Each little rill while tossing down the hill,
Evaporates an incense o'er the lone.

Each little breeze with heavy laden breath,
A sweeter perfume wafts adown the stream,
Each deep dawn breath and sun's warm gentle gleam,
Healing the wanderers, like waters of old Lethe.

CADER'S ROCK

Cataracts roar on old Cambria's shore,
Moan and hush, splash and roar,
Recede, return, evermore,
An eternal pulse, and eternal roar,

Tumbled rocks on old Cambria's coast,
Lapped by the tide, a mighty host,
Distant, echoes along the sands,
Sparkling wavelets, golden strands.

Cader's rock looms now in sight,
Loosed again by the tide's great might,
And a youth and maiden gasp,
We have won the rock at last.

But the booming thunders roaming,
Dash the waves about them foaming,
Cader's rock is climbed at last,
And the tide is coming fast,

Tidal impulse moves the sea,
From wavelets' top to ocean's floor,
Rising waters, now they flee,
But sink below, mid cataracts' roar.

Hu-sh-sh, thus saith the wave,
Cease to repine, be brave,
Death's tidal impulse moves the soul,
From ocean's depths, to ocean's goal.

THE GREAT LONE WEST

Where summer suns are ripening,
The wheat upon the plains,
And fields to yellow heightening;
The trails are only lanes,
Amid the changing green and gold,
Winding thro' the harvest fold.
But way beyond the farthest grain,
Away beyond the stretching plain,
Rising, towering, we behold,
Mount Sir Donald, hoar and old.

O, King of all the Selkirk range,
Thy icy crest shall know no change,
Thy hoary frosted snowy steep,
Shall in hazy glory sleep.
Through the twilight shadows' maze,
Bluer is thy shroud of haze,
Sweet and cool beneath thy frown,
Are the breezes wafted down.
And the twilight slowly fades,
Darkness falls about thy glades,
But thy peak a jewel seems,
In the sun's fast dying gleams.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

Ere the sun has gone to rest,
Harvest moon hath topped thy crest,
And I hear the coyote call,
Echoes ringing over all
While through the more silent night,
Thou dost reign with crown of white,
And when morn hath dawned again,
Sweeter breezes float amain,
Where the falling waters drown,
Leaping foaming from thy crown,
Songs of birds and beasts that call
Drinking 'neath thy waterfall;

And across a distant vale,
Little falls, a silvery trail,
Leave upon thy rugged breast,
Vainly chasing foam with zest;
Here the ringing echoing calls,
Speak to all of waterfalls.

. . . . . .

O, the green and the brown of the forest,
And the strength of Eternal hills,
And the pools below where the waters flow,
Thy sons O great Canada, thrills.

NATURE'S SPIRIT

An echo of Indian chanting,
  The link of a spirit bond
The poles of a thousand totems
  Carved, with the thoughts beyond

The red man's quest for the secret,
  In vale or wind or sky,
The white man called him a heathen,
  But someday he'll give him the lie.

. . . . . .

Egeria's vale without the Capenian gate,
  Diana's grove that fringed the hallowed way,
Where Numa interviewed his nymph in state
  Beside Egeria's cooling fountain spray;—
From all since but supernal made by art,
Eugenia in native beauty stands apart.

E'en though a king received from Camenae
  Instructive forms of worship worn and old.
Beside thy marble basin's tuneful lay;
  E'en though thou'rt decked with ornaments of gold
What are thy trappings or thy secrets spell?
Eugenia's Indian spirits whispering likewise tell.

What luring message comes upon the breeze!
What vision rises from yon spring beneath the trees!
What Indian chief here stands in stately mien!
What sweet fair goddess walks upon the scene!
See how the warriors stand with holden eyes
And burning hearts the while as whispering voices rise.

The Goddess

"I cannot rest, O Chief, by stream or vale,
Until your spirit love hath touched with mine,
Strong son of nature taste by tangled shale
The spirit love that falls on lives like Thine,
Come drink the perfumes and the thousand sweets,
That Nature's Spirit wind wafts down her mellowed streets.

Come see the shrine, come take thy solemn vow,
And coming let yon fountain cleanse; and live
Come let the Spirit goddess cool thy brow,
Come feel the lingering touch my lips can give,
Come feel my presence in your very soul
Strong heart beat strong on mine 'neath yonder totem pole."

The Cave

Now native music tinkles clear of tone,
As 'neath the spray they enter in a cave,
All gleaming white with carbonated stone;
The goddess mounts the totem shrouded nave
And bids the chieftain learn, the rites profound,
Sweet native chants; and view the happy hunting ground.

The Chief's Address

O trusty warrior band, o'er yonder brink
  The sweetest maiden and the most desired
A living sacrifice; must ever link
  Our thoughts with spirit music lately lyred
Within yon cave beneath Eugenia's spray
Where I have felt a spirit's love today;

And ever so the Indians do say
  A spirit goddess rises from the mist
That floats above the river's winding way
  Where one great chief the spirit goddess kissed
And worshipped at the totem shrouded nave
And learned the rites profound within her thronèd
    cave.

E'en now farewell, goddess Eugenia,
  Farewell till other voices sing thy praise
As many voiced as Iphigenia
  In Greece's old Euripidian lays,
Fair, sweeter far than this foaming fall is,
Beloved as Iphigenia in Aulis.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

An echo of Indian chanting,
  The link of a spirit bond
The poles of a thousand totems
  Carved, with the thoughts beyond.

The red man's quest for the secret,
  In vale or wind or sky,
The white man called him a heathen,
  But someday he'll give him the lie.

THE SILENCES BROKEN

A silent river floweth softly on
Amid the silences of wooded vales
Away beyond the verge of trodden trails,
Where neither birds of Paradise nor winds
Break the long peace of Northland dreams,

But silent flit and silent breathe
Where nature's virgin state doth still
Obedient to God's spiritual law of time.
Produce a little heaven in Northland clime.

There once methought I found true rest,
In contemplations silent and alone
Upon the spiritual law within the flowers
At work within those watered woods;—and yet

How silent and unknown to me before
This limit, where God's silences are met;
And as I wandered where the waves of wooded light,
Cast green and pale their radiance on my sight,

Thoughts in the Great Northland

I saw a silent pool so still and blue
That heaven and true peace seemed coming through
From out its amethystine depths toward
The lilies white and pink, the flags upon the sward.

And in the distant vast expanse of green
Methought sweet nature's face and form serene.
With welcome, stood in silent sweet repose;
Decked in snowy lilies, gathered, freshly sweet

With God's own perfume; heaven's eternal link
'Twixt man and lilies, Christ found true and meet
To teach him earthly glories gleam and fade and fleet.
'Twas here methought she gave one sigh,

That brake the silences of wood and pool;
And nestling in her bosom there, she bent
Her lilied head; and rich red lips so full
Of that true love, which is heaven's perfect lay

Touched mine in purity and thrilled me through.
So sweet that could such love be true,
I'd soon forget that love which fringes now life's way,
And gazing there into her eyes so blue,

Methought I saw true peace come welling through.
I feel God sent his Spirit goddess down,
To take away the pain and smooth the frown
Unanswered love had left; to give sweet hours,

His great eternal lessons from the flowers,
So fully sweet in beauty well arrayed,
Because His Spiritual law they have obeyed.

NIGHT IN THE NORTHLANDS

The last doubtful streak of a faded day,
A thin white crescent trailing the white pines,
Ridges of rock and the Georgian Bay,
Night, a little cloudy, my spirit undermines.
I found that which I sought,—The Northland air,
And thee Silence, twin ruler with dusk night.
No need O God to ask if thou art might.
For thou O Silent might doth answer there,
Where the rock lies mute, and the pines stand dumb,
And the long felt thoughts in silence readily come.

O there is sweet rest in the great Northland,
By her jewelled lakes and her rocky strand,
'Neath the peeping twins and Orion great,
While Canopus stands at the golden gate.
Rest for the mind and a food for the soul
Steps, thoughts, that are nearer the ideal goal.
Where the space grows dark, and the stars grow
bright,
With the meaning change of a real midnight
And the wolf's tail waits, 'neath the darkened rim
As if loth to dispel soft night's calm and its vim.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

The night air freshens, it blows from the east,
And silence reigns still, upon man and beast,
The air grows cooler, the moon trails over,
The brightened spot on the bay's calm deep,
While I see the planet of my lover,
A silver drop; above the rock doth leap,
A faint halo, first harbinger of dawn;
The sun mounts up, his rendezvous to keep,
Alas, twin silent night, thou must away to sleep.

TO B.

Sometimes when evening shadows
Drop down; and autumn winds
Turn every flower and leaflet
To russet golden browns,
By every silent pathway
Your feet may roam at e'en
Remembrance still will sadden
The gloaming of your dream.

And when the roseate dawning
Shall meet your clearer sight
The curtain mists shall linger,
And tears shall dim the light.
Turning your joyous visions
Paining your heart and mind.
Leaving infinite longings,
Calling for ties that bind.

LIFE'S ETERNAL BEACH

Where the saltest waters roll,
And the freshest breezes blow
Where unwearied breakers toll
  Every second as we go.

Till we reach the coasts of time
  Where the sands have come to rest
Far immortal than the clime
  E'en of Araby the Blest.

There the Soul goes out a roaming,
  The eternal hills of God.
Life calls it but the gloaming
  And death calls it Ichabod.

LURGAN'S CHURCH

Down in Lurgan's wind swept hills,
With its rivulets and rills
Where the waters of the Pine flow gently down,
There's a little neat church yard.
Round the church upon the sward,
On the sands of Huron's many banks of brown.

Here we read the names of those,
'Neath the fragrance of the rose,
Graven in the time mossed tablets old and grey,
Who in hardship through the years,
With their many hopes and fears,
Struggled hard within the sound of Huron's spray.

They have walked "The Shadow Trail,"
Some so young and others frail,
Crossed the waters where the many mansions be,
But they left a presence here.
Personality, so clear.
Where in silence, seems the soul whispers to me.

VOICES

Suggestive murmurs of unseen winds
Stirring the grass and leaves
Bringing again those memories fair
Starting a pain that blinds.

TEACH ME TO DIE THAT I MAY LIVE

Teach me to die that I may live, to serve Thee
evermore and give
Thee praise.
To me says Paul to live is Christ,
To die is gain forevermore.

. . . . . .

I love to live, to walk abroad,
To see the sun, to take the road,
That wanders by the rippling stream
Or sit on banks, where grasses green
Where flowers sweet, their scented breath
Tell me of glories after death.

I love the homes, where faces sweet,
Betoken welcome, ere we greet —
The woodland trails the flowery ways
The memories of other days
The sweet companionships, her eyes
That said, "Meet me in Paradise."

I love the roses, though they fade,
All nature hath God's laws obeyed
And so let's ban September morn,
Be like the rose and not the thorn
Pray God to teach us how to die
Be worthy of the boys who lie
In Flanders Fields.

THE BEAVER VALLEY

To T. H. Orton, M. D.

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around by cedar trees,
Like a monk with rod a-fishing, dreamingly and all at ease,
One who seeketh quiet rivers, for the rippling music's thrill,
Sleeping, murmuring, in its visions lies the valley's shady rill;

Trickling o'er the limestone mosses, through the brightest summer days,
Like the golden sunset beaming, as it struggles through the haze,
Falls a foaming rill of water, clear as silvery ocean tide,
Till it foams into the river, to unite and onward glide.

When the rising moon of even, climbed in yonder eastern arch,
Shooting rays of silvery paleness through the birches and the larch,
And the whip-poor-will sat piping on a slender willow bough
While the leaves of giant poplars, caught the wind and made it sough,

And the crickets in the meadow raised their melancholy note,
And the bullfrogs in the valley, struck their many voiced croak,
There I formed a lasting friendship, as I packed up rod and line
For we stole a day of pleasure, and our Souls did there entwine.

Thus I gained the Soul of Orton as I shook him by the hand;
And our paths now lie together as our footprints on the strand,
Here we'll worship nature's beauty, and the old Canadian band
Till our names from earth have vanished, like the writing from the sand.

EUGENIA FALLS

Where the mists of time have gathered.
In Eugenia's cool vale,
And the rocky walls point heavenward
From the clinging lichen trail;
Where the limestone mountain rises,—(1765 feet)
'Cross the vision's mist blue haze
As I stand within the cooling,
Of the rising wind swept sprays,
Near a perfect cedar grove that clings
To rocks worn old and grey
With the golden sunset glinting
All the bluffs at eve of day:
Where the sifting, drifting water
Gathers foam and speed to link
The throbbing pulse of many streamlets
Rushing near the brink;
With the boiling pool below me
To my wondering gaze unfurled
Where the Holy Spirit brooded,
In the morning of the world;

There eternally the falling
  Of the frothy foam flecked sheen,
Makes the slimy rock walls gleaming
  Seem a pillared mossy green.

THOUGHTS ON HURON'S BEACH

Blue, green, and gold in the gloaming
With the sun gone down to rest
Huron's curled waves come a roaming
Chasing and chasing with zest
And the sweet lone hush that follows
The plash of the wave and silt
Are the seconds between the pulsing
As the moon climbs up atilt.
And the veil hangs on uplifted
And we get a glimpse of the world
The waters sink back in the shadows.
And the shadows sink back unfurled
Into the twilight valleys
Where the silver pyramid
Finds its base upon the ripples
And its peak in the moon lies hid.
There the world in pictured glory
On the sands of time is met
And we glimpse its soul's true meaning
For its way is always set

Whence the silver light is gleaming
  Down toward the silver goal
Till the final point is ending
  In the beaching of the soul.
Then over the frontier silent
  And into the secret land
Her mind goes out to fathom
  Seeking to understand.

THE PROFESSOR

The preparations numerous in view,
By which the hundred Rhea Silvias too
Must bring forth soon by reproductive art
The jumbled Apisthographi* produced
To them; as jotted down aversa charta;
To metaphors, hexameters reduced.
I wonder since those Codrus† rendered days
When Elegos pronounced their mournful lays.
What shades Æacus‡ may be torturing still
What frays twixt Centaurs and Lapithae kill?
What Monychus doth hurl both root and branch
From literatures vast variegated ranch,
What sweet young woman charms him in each class
Warming his smile; is made, hores ex asse,§
Upon the fatal day; of all his mien
Where nature partly hath denied the vein,
And whom the goat driven to do his worst,
Is sacrificed to Bacchus that his thirst,
By wine of wrath may fully be supplied
On that dull day, when sinners quickly slide?

---

* The notes or works written on both sides of the paper. In this case an old envelope covered back and front by random notes and likewise produced to the class.

† Codrus was rendered hoarse by shouting his poetry.

‡ Æacus, the judge upon the Shades from Europe.

§ Sole heiress.

RETROSPECT

PART I

"Man her last Work who seemed so fair"
—*Tennyson.*

In blessing God whose vast cosmos,
Immovable through ages stands
By Brooding Spirits touch Divine
Was beautified and sanctified,
The Soul of Man more fair than all
A breath eternal since his fall
Whose place is gone no more is found
When wind of God with rushing sound
Has passed within his humble home,
Acknowledges His power Divine
Who from the chaos of the void
Did'st earth's foundations lay in dust,
And covered'st all with waters deep,
At whose command they sank to sleep
To rise in springs and feed the vale
And flowing down where great ships sail
And that sea beast Leviathan
With creeping things innumerable
Wallow in Bathybius slime
Through all the slow events of time;

But chiefly doth man's soul respond
To work His will whose edict found
Man's destiny to till the soil
His bread to eat by sweat and toil.
All thy creation first, O God,
Then lastly man didst thou create
With only one soft clause in life,
To toil till shades of evening light.

PART II

Man goeth forth to work until the evening.
—*Psalm* 104

The strain is off and thou art free
The evening star still calls to thee
And evening bell in silence sways
While memories come of other days,
Thus every day with toil and strife
E'en on thy way till eve of life;
And then with thoughts of other days
Thy past with all its dreams and ways
Thou shalt rememb'ring in Thy Soul
Behold the years upon the shoal;
And floating back from distant time
When self is met and all that's thine
The world without now slips away
The world within now holds its sway,
Those pictures stored within the brain

Whose gallery filled with joy or pain
Now bid us gaze with faces pale
As memory draws aside the veil.
It shall be light at eventide
And in the gallery open wide,
Shall stand the Christ the veil in twain,
And judgment follows in His train;
Now what is judgment but the past
The memories gathering thick and fast
Which weighed shall be as gold to dross
And give some Zoe Thanatos.*

* Lifesome death.

A VISION

I stand amid the grey Northland
  Ridges of wavy stone;
A vision rising from the strand,
  Arrests my wandering;—lone;

I see the crests of yonder hills,
  Are golden, white, and brown,
The great white rocks the valley fills,
  Like flowers beneath their frown;

I see the phantom hosts arise,
  An endless line, a sea,
From out the limestone's naked sides,
  These rolling hosts so free;

I see the shadows bathed in blue,
  All burnished like the dove,
And through the shadows' trembling hue,
  The swimming armies move.

A flock of wild ducks homeward bound,
  Augment the scene, and from
Their circling of yon lake around,
  Depict the aerial Somme.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

I see the smoke of battle in
  The clouds that drift,—and list!
I hear the noise of battle's din,
  Come rolling through yon mist.

I see the storm roll up the strands,
  'Tis gone, and all is still,
The vision fades in golden sands,
  Far down yon Western hill.

THE ANGELS REAP IN FLANDERS

In Flanders field the angels reap
The harvests' yield, nor oats nor wheat,
There tired bodies only sleep,
*And "seven spirits" vigil keep.
We wonder if the spirits too
Are weary when the crimson dew
Has slowly frozen into sleet?
If so then death should not be sad
Perchance the spirits really glad
To soar away so lightly clad?
Perchance the seed is gladly sown
Where guns plow up the rich red loam
That we may gather here our own?

* "Revelation prophecy."

THOUGHTS OF THE NORTHLAND

And e'en amid these lonely things
There's always, something, something sings.

The music of a voice we know
  The memories of a presence fair
And e'en amid the brighter glow
  When days slip by, we still can share
  In heart and thought God's music there.

. . . . . .

O great Northland in solitude,
  I vision that Thou'st kept so long,
O land of wond'rous rocky waves,
  And serried pines so strong.

Through silent years, that now are gone,
  You kept your lovely face unmarred
From peak to vale, from hill to dale,
  From lake to mossy sward.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

E'en now I seem to see a glimpse,
  Of all thou wert in days now grey,
Thou holdest yet a waking dream,
  Time has not dimmed, nor may,

O land of countless solitudes,
  What hast thou done with all the past?
O give us just a passing view,
  Spirit of nature at the last.

Old friends, old scenes, all pass away,
  Who knows? these friends, these scenes, for aye,
May rendered be, new visioned leave,
  At least a memory.

. . . . . .

And e'en amid these lonely things
There's always, something, something sings.

The music of a voice we know
  The memories of a presence fair
And e'en amid the brighter glow
  When days slip by, we still can share
  In heart and thought God's music there.

REMEMBER NOT

Remember not my grave in that torn land
Nor linger gazing on my wooden cross
Where flowers have dared to bloom afresh and toss
Their perfumes over Belgium's dune capped strand.

'Twas but a harvest swiftly gathered in
Amid the catchy storms of shot and shell
It may be now I'm in some trail worn dell
Where there is neither suffering nor sin.

Remember not my place beneath the trees
All torn and twisted like this piece of clay
It may be now comes floating on the breeze
A thousand sweets of woodlands far away.

'Twas but the falling of the autumn leaves
Maples with purpled green, orange, and gold
And maybe they're glowing a thousand fold
Through the dawning mists of the mountain eaves.

Remember not my form beside the fire
Nor gaze through misted eyes at other days
When Nature played her native wind-swept lyre
And love walked with us down the vine-clad ways.

'Twas but a tasting of the days to be
Love that gave delight on our winding way
Maybe I am tasting things I cannot say
Dreamily gazing 'neath the heavenly tree.

THE STORM

Crowded clouds like peaks arising,
On some distant mountain range,
Crowned and uncrowned in the setting
Of the day about to change.

Cloud on cloud in wild profusion
With a glowing light between
Rolling, thundering, dark'ning, closing,
Out the glory of the e'en.

Now the flitting martins gather
Rising from the sandy plains,
And I watch the golden plover,
Winging home before it rains.

Comes a gentle breeze disturbing
All the calm that was before,
Ruffling Huron's glassy waters,
Piling silt upon the shore.

Now the breeze begins to stiffen,
Heavy laden as of yore,
Then a mist hangs like a curtain,
And it rains upon the shore.

So the clouds of life have gathered
One by one upon life's sea,
And its golden sky has darkened
And the storm rolls over me.

I have watched my friends departing
Like the plover from the shore,
But the clouds are full of blessings,
And refreshings, evermore.

LOST TRAILS

I see within the gallery of
  My picture crowded brain
The trails of other youthful days
  Come floating back again.

As o'er my crowded life there comes
  A moment wrought with strife
When trails have petered out before
  The desert sands of life.

I cannot turn and trace the steps
  I took among the trails
And yet to wander forward still
  My heart within me fails.

I do not know how far the paths
  Of life I've travelled o'er
I only feel I'm reaching out
  And wandering more and more

I see a ship put out across
  The ocean's trackless main
I know it leaves no trail behind
  For followers in its train.

Thoughts in the Great Northland

I only know that Christ in walking
O'er the Galilee
Did'st still the troubled consciences
Of those he met at sea.

And so I'll wander on awhile
Across the trackless deep
I know that somewhere near the shore
The troubled waves will sleep.

VITA UMBRATILES

A life retired spent in the shade,
Catching the coolness of its sun,
As variegated as a glade,
Where bright flow'rs bloom and streamlets run

A life with chequered surface dark,
As some numidian marble arc,
That spans the fountain's waters clear,
In thick Bœotian atmosphere.

That wears the toga robe of peace,
That spurns the sagum cloak of war,
With no more faith than Osiris,
The fictious husband of Isis.

Roaming Isles of the southern seas,
Basking 'neath palms in sultry breeze,
Where cosmic perfumes float and toss,
From flow'rs that glow with the purples of Cos.

THE SNOW

I whirl, and sift, and eddy,
  Amid the fields of stubble,
I'm ready, and I'm steady,
  As springs that pulse and bubble,

Oh, I am the world's fair bride,
  As pure as the lily's throat,
And Canada's boast and pride,
  As adown the woods I float.

I'm the Northland's dress awhile,
  And by garments soft sweep low,
I cover the flowers that smile,
  With blanket warm as I go.

A thousand rays I sparkle forth,
  As the moon climbs up the steep,
I journey on from the cold bleak North,
  And return where the world's asleep.

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